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# THE CRAYON.

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## AMATEUR CRITICISM ON ART:

### ITS RIGHTS AND LIMITS.

By FRANCIS HORNER, Associate Member of the Liverpool Architectural Society.

No man of experience who has taken the trouble to investigate at all the present state of the art architectural in England, as compared with its position in the days of his early remembrance, can fail to recognize the fact, that we are now witnessing, with respect to it, the recurrence of one of those great revolutions of public taste and private feeling which seem to mark the history of almost every pursuit, whether moral, intellectual, or imaginative, whereby the human mind has sought for solace, instruction, or recreation, in its present estate.

From being, as of yore, neglected by the great majority of men of taste, who did not actually depend upon its practice as a means of subsistence, and from being excluded from the consideration of polite society as too doubtful and inelegant an art to find favor in its polished circles; not only is it now deemed a worthy study by every one pretending to the possession of a liberally informed mind, but entire ignorance of its leading principles and chief classifications is looked upon almost as a reproach; and, not staying its career at the threshold of the rich man's house, or finding a final resting-place amid the neglected shelves of the pedant's library, we meet with its introductory hand-books and illustrated volumes occupying honored places on every drawing-room table, and often constituting the most prized and eagerly perused treasures of the lady's boudoir.

Various speculations might be hazarded, no doubt, as to the causes which have combined to bring about the revival of this beautiful and much-neglected branch of the fine arts; but I think that one of the principal motive powers has been that, in the course of architectural and archæological researches, the minds not only of professors but also of amateurs and connoisseurs have been aroused, by the very fact of its almost utter extinction among us, to a sense of its worth and dignity; and by one of those revolutions which often occur in the course of human events, the day of the greatest degradation of architecture in England seems likely to be succeeded by a culmination, though limited in degree yet as unmistakable in fact, as any which has marked the ever-revolving cycles in the progress of the fine arts during the history of the world.

I do not think that a great revolution in art has ever been brought about except by the concurrence and com-

bined influences of both professor and amateur. As with the poet, so with the architect, the sculptor, the painter, and the musician; all are as it were the offspring of their own particular time and country. The man of genius may, doubtless, in the first instance, lead the public mind in a particular direction, and suggest to it certain pursuits or elements of thought, which the existing state of social taste and circumstances may cause to take deep root; and he may thus be the means of giving definite aim and form to some innate feeling—a feeling probably brought into existence by a vague sense of an intellectual want, and which his sagacity leads onward, and renders predominant and practical. But other minds must necessarily already sympathize with his own, for otherwise no genius, however great, could exercise any influence on them. And in this manner it is, I submit, that the professor and layman must ever coöperate, and mutually as it were act upon each other, before a fine art can gain an ascendancy, and exercise its legitimate influence on the tastes of a people.

Are not the effects of these combined influences strikingly illustrated, in the place which architecture as a fine art now occupies in the public mind? And if we refer to history, do not the annals of ancient and modern art attest the same story, of genius patronized by the wealth and influence of crowned or mitred heads; and, secondly, by the support and approval of public taste and intellect? If, in glancing back at the early efforts of our own ecclesiastical architects, the mind is staggered in the contemplation of the magnitude and beauty of structures, whose origin is to be traced to times so gloomy and troubled, that historians can bestow upon them no more fitting epithet than "the Dark Ages," still may we find some explanation of this seeming anomaly, if we may be allowed to conjecture that the quenchless spark of genius, bowed down by surrounding evil, yet found for itself this medium for the expression of its emotions, and in these great monuments asserted the brightness of its flame, in far-off days, with a power that shall be acknowledged to the latest generations.

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It is, I apprehend, quite unnecessary to enter upon any argument in proof of the fact that the great body of intelligent amateurs must ever exercise a powerful influence upon the progress and success of the arts; for a discriminating patronage, bestowed by those who have it in their power, is absolutely necessary to insure its existence and advancement among a people. How far, then, may a connoisseur of refined and educated

taste indulge in the office of independent criticism on art? To what extent should his influence and opinion be acknowledged, as compared with those of the professional man? I, of course, assume that all men of taste agree in acknowledging the existence of certain principles of beauty, and therefore their diversities of opinion and feeling may be expected to exhibit themselves only in their choice and preference of some one or more of their various phases and combinations.

In all questions of importance to the welfare of mankind in general, it is incumbent upon us as members of the great human family and of society, to form an independent opinion for our own guidance, according to the judgment and ability with which we may have been endowed, and not from mere negligence and love of ease to permit ourselves to be carried away at the will and dictation of others, to avoid the trouble or responsibility of arriving at a just and candid conclusion. I cannot see that the study of the fine arts ought to form any exception to this universal rule of conduct.

It would seem to be almost an infirmity peculiar to our own times, that certain classes of the professors of art should array themselves against one another in parties as advocates of extreme and widely differing views and doctrines, an adhesion to which they even sometimes propound as forming the very essence of their art. How, then, shall the civilian decide between these contending parties? His most simple and obvious course, under many circumstances, would probably be that too often taken, of giving in his allegiance to one side or the other, and adopting all its opinions without due thought or consideration.

There can, I think, be no doubt that this system of leaning upon others in matters of Art, instead of exercising a rational judgment founded on principle, is one of the greatest obstacles to the growth and development of sound taste; for let a man once adopt his school and his leaders, and he soon learns to mold his own previously imperfectly-formed opinions to those of his party (and of course it is much easier to have a thing done for you than to do it yourself). But in the meantime, for want of a little energy and moral courage in maintaining the genuine predilections and feelings with which the man's nature has been originally endowed, they will gradually weaken and droop, till he finds himself—to an extent which as an independent agent he could scarcely suppose possible—the mere tool in the hands of more energetic men than himself; and, like a child in leading-strings, he surrenders himself to the guidance of any who will take the trouble to lead or mislead him, as the case may be.

There is, I think, a very marked and obvious distinction between the position in which the non-professional man stands with respect to an exact science, and that occupied by a connoisseur in the fine arts. The former sciences, based as they are upon certain fixed rules, and

developed by innumerable steps of discovery and invention, are matters of certain and progressive knowledge, and any one who pursues them as a study, to have any prospect of success, must acquaint himself with all their latest discoveries and improvements in principle and detail; and possessing a knowledge of these, the chemist, the engineer, or the mathematician, may be tolerably confident of their ground, and even prove to demonstration that the conclusion each may have arrived at is the only admissible one under the circumstances. The artist, on the other hand, may, so far as the technicalities of his art are concerned, speak with authority, and prove to demonstration his correctness in such matters as accuracy of drawing, exactness in delineation of an order of architecture, and other details, to which precise rule is applicable; but here the parallel between him and the man of mere science ceases, and the moment we come to the discussion of matters of imagination, invention and feeling, the professional artist and the amateur occupy common ground; and thus on the very essentials of fine art, actual right or wrong are incapable of arbitrary definition, and the amateur of a cultivated and refined mind becomes as competent a critic upon questions of high art as the professor; and this distinction must always exist; for what would be thought of the engineer, or philosopher, who began to construct a steam-engine on the model of fifty years ago, or who betrayed ignorance of the doctrine of gravitation, instead of taking up their respective sciences at the point at which they have now progressively arrived. But, except as to technicalities and the general principles of art, as derived from former schools, the artist is entirely dependent on his own individual genius to give life and character to his work; and before any just analogy can be admitted to exist between him and the professor of an exact science, he must be prepared to say that he can (the elements and principles of his art once mastered) take it up where it was left by a Phidias, a Michael Angelo, or a Turner.

I have heard it asserted by artists, that the mere connoisseur in the fine arts ought to confine himself to admiring what is beautiful, without presuming to criticise what he deems to be the faults, of works which may come under his review; that he must look upon a Rembrandt simply as a splendid example of *chiaro-scuro*, and there be satisfied to limit his estimate of the master, acknowledging him too great to be subject to any qualification of his perfect homage; that he is in like manner to acknowledge Turner as transcendent in painting light, and be blind to any deficiencies in his works of any of his dates or manners. So with respect to the sister arts, I presume he is to see the beauty of architectural compositions, sculpture, etc., but is to be absolutely interdicted from expressing an adverse opinion upon any of their shortcomings or deficiencies, in expression, proportion or execution in any manner

whatever. Now, I must respectfully but decidedly differ from the advocates of such a system of blind adulation as is thus propounded, for the guidance of men who have been endowed with a perception of the beautiful in nature or art, and who have cultivated this portion of their mind, in any degree, by observation and study. I repeat that I do not deny that there are certain technical characteristics in all branches of art of which the artist is necessarily a more competent judge than the amateur; but beyond these practical technicalities the latter must, unless he is to be a mere puppet in the hands of a certain clique or school, be permitted to exercise his own individual and unbiased judgment. And miserable patrons indeed would the artists find such a community as the contrary doctrine assumes.

What can a man's estimate of character or beauty be, who is not capable of detecting where character or beauty is absent? What is commendation worth from the lips of one who knows not when or how to condemn?

If the public are to follow the lead of the professors in all these matters, on whose dicta are they to rely? for, among artists themselves we shall find as diverse and opposite opinions as it is possible to entertain. In architecture a man may attach himself alike to the gothic or classic factions, and in either, will not fail to meet with able leaders, who zealously advocate their own views to the disparagement of those of their opponents; and it is singular to observe the earnestness and indomitable perseverance with which this hand-to-hand fight between the disciples of the vertical and horizontal styles is kept up on both sides. If, like the seven sleepers, we go to slumber at a time when the pagans are persecuting the Christians, and sleep ever so long, and awake at ever so remote a period, it would seem as though we should still find the fight proceeding, the only variation being, that it may then be the turn of the Christians to chastise the pagans. In circumstances like these, how absolutely necessary it is that the civilian should endeavor by study and the exercise of original thought and feeling, to arrive at an independent conclusion as to the merits of the subject under debate.

Some of the facts connected with this very controversy, however, afford the strongest illustration of the great influence which intelligent amateurs may exert upon the object of their taste, for I believe I am right in saying that two of the most prominent disputants engaged in the discussion are laymen. Nor would it be difficult to point out instances in which connoisseurs in other branches of art have, by sound judgment and an enlightened and liberal patronage, directed their course and advanced their interests to a very remarkable extent. If we turn to the painter's art, shall we find a greater spirit of unanimity amongst them as to the principles and practice which ought to govern them? Shall we not, on the contrary, find them broken up into

contending parties? dismembered by the most extraordinary schisms? And in this instance also do we not find some of the most powerful champions of each party among the ranks of their amateur adherents?

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The impression of external objects being conveyed to the mind of the professional artist, through the medium of the same senses as those which serve the purposes of the civilian, he cannot arrogate to himself an intellectual tyranny, or dictate to mankind at large the metes and boundary lines of their artistic tastes and perceptions. If the philosopher, indeed, who has made the principles of an exact science the subject of a life-long study, may be able to define with precision, beyond the authority of mere opinion, the laws by which it is governed, we must ever bear in mind the grand distinction which I have endeavored to point out between a science from which all imaginative speculation must, in the very nature of things, be excluded, and fine art, whose very foundation is imagination as applied to the interpretation of general nature. Certain points there are which the amateur must concede to the artist, and accept his dictum upon as authoritative, and the more conventional a particular section of art may be, the more frequently will such instances occur. In none of its branches is this more the case than in architecture, which, from the inflexible materials necessarily employed, and the numerous requirements of construction and arrangement, is perhaps the most conventional of any of the fine arts. Yet, in its principal features, as general outline, the particular proportion of parts, the arrangement and disposition of ornament, and, in fact, with respect to all those qualities on which the artistic effect of a building is dependent, an architectural work is governed by the same general principles as apply to other sections of art.

The judicious critic will ever maintain the importance of those true and lasting principles which have ever constituted, and must ever continue to constitute, the beacons to success, in all matters wherein art and taste are concerned. And while on the one hand he recognizes and distinguishes the existence and application of these in the works of any master, from the individual peculiarities which may serve to mark the particular bias of the artist's feeling, and form; as it were, the true transcript of his artistic idiosyncrasy, and which, held in subordination to the few accepted canons that must universally govern the practical pursuit of his profession, give vigor and character to his work; he will also distinguish between the combination of these and the factitious whims of caprice, or the crude fashions of the day, which we now too often meet with, and which, while they ever form a blemish in what otherwise might be a creditable work of art, can never redeem an otherwise indifferent one, or raise it above its intrinsic mediocrity.

After all, the great leading principles which govern art are few and comparatively simple; and, by a cultivated and sensitive mind, they are learnt and appreciated without much difficulty. Much that in writing may appear abstruse, commends itself to the mind in practice as an element almost essential to the development of truth and beauty. A principle of art is not a cooked recipe for producing the forced concoction of a work consisting of strictly prescribed proportions, or scales of color, however much some artists may be tempted so to apply them, to the disparagement of their own works and the crippling of their genius.

It will be found from the study of the works of the greatest artists, that these general principles of art, when properly understood and rightly applied, so far from cramping or checking the imagination, tend to quicken and invigorate the mind, and help the hand; and I believe that no school of art can neglect or condemn them, without practically exemplifying how essential their observance and preservation are to the very existence of fine art.

I do not now propose to enter at length into a discussion of these principles, but a few of them may be illustrated by glancing at some instances, in which certain classes of artists of the present day are most apt to violate or neglect them.

He violates these principles who in the practice of imaginative art ignores imagination and invention, its very essence; and who for the delineation of character and beauty in their highest sense, and most exalted combinations, substitutes vulgar and commonplace types of the human form; or who in figure compositions, instead of grouping his subjects into graceful forms, adopts stiffness and angularity, without reference to the general effect of his design. The principles of art are opposed to him who practically denies the existence in nature of varying effects of light and shadow, of atmosphere and massing foliage; and who, working with opaque colors on a flat surface, gives to a landscape less actual contrast between foreground objects and the air tints of his distances, than could possibly exist in nature even on the clearest day, and much less than that which must appear to exist, helped, as the air of the landscape always is, by actual distance and aerial perspective; and he also offends against them, the scale of color and the light and shadow of whose foreground and principal objects are feebler and less intense than those which actually appear in his original, although he has only dead white paint to exhibit in contrast as his highest light, whereas nature is illuminated by light itself, whose brilliancy immeasurably exceeds the brightest tints he can employ in imitation.

As in questions of detail and actual practice, the opinion of the artist ought to be preferred, and have infinitely more weight than that of an amateur; so on this very account, in matters relating to art in the ab-

stract, the accomplished amateur may probably sometimes prove the better and more unprejudiced critic of the two; as, to the latter a work of art presents itself to his eye in the first instance, in relation to the feeling which it is calculated to exercise upon the mind as a fine art, irrespective of technical elements of mere manipulation; assuming, of course, that it possess the requisite qualities of sentiment, and such a degree of masterly execution as would entitle it to be classed as a worthy work of art; while, to the artist, who naturally views it very much with reference to its execution, passages of skillful workmanship, and difficulties dexterously overcome, are apt to be too much dwelt upon, and given a somewhat undue prominence to the prejudice of the more important consideration of the real end sought to be attained—namely, the æsthetic character and sentiment of the work, through which alone it can attain to rank as high art, or exercise any influence upon the public taste.

It is not in comparison with the works of creation alone that man's existence appears ephemeral; for how often do the works of his own hands so far outlive him that they cease to commemorate the individual genius of their designer, and are recognized by posterity as the monuments of departed skill and taste of his time and nation merely, long after his very name has been blotted out from the annals of time. And how gently and tenderly time and vegetable nature deal with these relics of human genius, if undisturbed by the destroying hand of man himself. These seem to make the artist's works beautiful and interesting in their gradual and calm decay; and year by year we find nature delighting to decorate anew their venerable remains with her choicest verdure, and enshrining the hallowed marble and granite of former times in fresh and leafy bowers, long after "the story of the days" of their architect has been buried in oblivion.

To a susceptible mind it is impossible to limit the forms and combinations in which such associations and many others of a kindred nature, continually present themselves; and it is difficult to explain always the various perceptions and faculties which coöperate to give them birth. I think, however, we may, in viewing the matter in an artistic light, endeavor to draw a distinction between associations of *taste* and *feeling*; the former I should define as being necessarily founded on the existence of actual beauty, enhanced and rendered more interesting by extrinsic circumstances. Association of feeling may, on the other hand, it appears to me, exist independently of material beauty, and in this sense becomes rather a moral than an artistic sentiment.

I believe it to be an incontrovertible truth that the source of true inspiration to every artist is nature, in her intense and ever-varying beauties, in her marked and ever-enduring characteristics. There is in all art

which derives its tone from an enlarged and philosophic observation and interpretation of the principles of nature, animate or inanimate, an unmistakable impress of the solemnity and sincerity of purpose which ever distinguish her works. Once neglect to study her page, and the artist will soon forget the true genius of the poetic language he professes to render through the medium of his pencil—will lose the golden key which opens the door of those mental stores from whose mystic memories he had been wont to embellish his canvas, or infuse life and character into his marble.

We may be told, indeed, and sometimes are, that the artist has only ceased to inhale the feeling and sentiment of nature that he may the better investigate the minutiae of her detail—that he has postponed the observation of the sublimity of a mountain landscape till he has completely mastered the peculiar stratification of detached rocks—that he has merely ceased to admire the luxuriance and massive splendor of the summer foliage that he may examine the structure of each individual leaf. Geology has been aptly termed “the anatomy of external nature,” but as the historical painter should beware lest he so far obtrude his knowledge of this (anatomy), which is a portion of the grammar of his art, into his picture, so as to override its fine-art sentiment, and to reduce it to something very like a mere lecture-room illustration of the muscular processes, no less must the landscape painter guard against allowing his pencil to be led from its legitimate use—that of depicting nature as a whole in all her freshness and variety to a hard, dry transcript of minute detail at the expense of general effect, and consequently of the real truth and sentiment of his subject. A correct and competent knowledge of the structures of his various rocks, of the leafage and growth of his different trees, by all means let him cultivate and exhibit in his works; but do not let us be told that a microscopic delineation of stone formations, such as might serve as an illustration of a work of natural history, is fine art, or that a dry, flat series of spots of uniform tone and color convey to the mind the sentiment or expression of a sun-lit summer wood.

The artist and amateur alike who accustom themselves thus falsely to analyze nature, may depend upon it that they are going the surest way to destroy their perceptions of the real principles of beauty; and I should much fear that by degrees they would find their imagination so far blunted, and their minds so narrowed, that they may look upon all that is beautiful with the same jaundiced and prosaic eye, as that very personification of all that is unimaginative, narrow and prosaic, of whom the poet has written:

“A primrose on the river’s brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

I do not wish to be misunderstood in what I have

said as claiming for all men, calling themselves amateurs or connoisseurs in the arts, an equal right to express an independent judgment, or to exercise their influence upon them. I assume the amateur to be a man of cultivated sensibility, possessing a competent education, and enlightened views on matters of art and taste: of such men it may be there are not many, yet such men, few or many, do exist; and it would not be easy to overstate the influence which they exert in the maintenance and direction of the fine arts in this and other countries. Artists do not depend on one amateur for the sale of their works; they are competitors in business, and no sorer let or hindrance have they to contend against in the daily strife, which the exercise of their profession brings upon them, than the great and increasing rivalry which is occasioned by their numbers and their divisions.

Deprived of a discriminating and independent criticism from without, and, from the same source, of some degree at least of judicious and even liberal patronage, they must inevitably languish; and under such circumstances, in fact, the practice of the fine arts must be as hopelessly paralyzed and destroyed, as would the business of the merchant who failed to find a market for his commodities, or the tradesman who was deserted by his customers.

Experience teaches us that some recognition of matters of imagination and taste—in fact, of the fine arts generally—are almost as much the necessary concomitants of a high state of civilization, as the more ordinary pursuits of every-day life. Built upon and developed in a greater or less degree by a general acknowledgment of their refining influences, every civilized country must, if she wishes to retain her position in the scale of social advancement, continue to encourage and cultivate what, humanly speaking, is one of the chief sources of her elevation. Let a people be once so far raised above barbarism, as to have the skill and leisure to practise, and the wealth and inclination to patronize art and science (and their practice and encouragement are among the first symptoms of a people’s rise), and so long as they continue to improve, or even retain their acquired position, their interests in these arts will increase until they become completely bound up with, and, as it were, an integral portion of their social system. The incentive once given, the inclination strengthens into habit, and can never be entirely eradicated but by a relapse into their original state of savagism.

The incitements to the cultivation of imaginative art are, in fact, almost as numerous, and as powerfully presented to the senses of a refined and intelligent man, as those tending to the ordinary concerns of civilized existence. They are suggested to him through the chambers of imagery, which thought and contemplation ever brilliantly furnish within the recesses of his own breast. They come to him in the study of the history of the

past, in the exciting events of the present, and in anxious speculations as to the unknown future. The objects of nature which everywhere surround him, teem with the same teaching; inviting him to enrich his mental stores by culling her sweets; to contribute to his own and his fellow-creatures' enjoyments, by the investigation and reproduction of her beauties.

If, then, the cultivation of Art is so intimately connected with a state of high civilization that the two seem almost necessarily coëxistent, the duty of sustaining it in a vigorous and healthful state is as incumbent upon us as is the direction of our commercial interests or domestic affairs.

Let us bear this in mind, that however negligently practised, however ill directed, the arts and sciences will always be practised in some state or other among us, and that they will thus exercise their influence for good or for evil on the minds and tastes of the present and succeeding generations: and I think we must feel that the study of their principles should not be the exceptional thing it now is, nor their importance so little accounted of that the expression of any earnest feeling or love of them for their own sakes, apart from personal advantage or pecuniary interest, is too often, even among educated men, looked upon as highly unfashionable, or as exhibiting an extravagant amount of enthusiasm in a comparatively trifling cause.

It is much to be wished that a kindlier and more conciliatory spirit could be infused into discussions upon questions and differences relating to the fine arts than is often at present found to be the case, both among artists and amateurs.

If such debates were carried on in a feeling of friendly emulation, instead of the angry and defiant tone which sometimes characterizes them, how much of mutual misunderstanding might be avoided; for the very fact of each of the contending parties maintaining earnest opinions upon their subject would seem to argue the existence of at least one strong bond of union between them, namely, the recognition of the influence and value of fine art.

Could men but bring themselves to see how often they may agree upon principles, instead of losing sight of these, and allowing their antagonistic feelings upon minor points to have the preponderance, they might be surprised to find how great were their agreements and how small the differences which had separated true friends—friends who, had they understood one another sooner, might, with delight, have "talked down the sun" in kindly and profitable companionship.

That Art in the abstract, independent as it is in material laws, supplying no bodily want, ministering to no substantial necessity, but appealing to the highest and least corporeal sympathies we possess, should hold in the hearts of its adherents the place it does, affording them, as it were, springs of life and feeling, which those

who are strangers to its influences cannot even comprehend, seems to invest it with such a character and dignity peculiarly its own.

The exotic of a brighter clime, its pleasures seem strewn around us by a Divine hand, as flowers by the way, to minister both to our solace and instruction in our passage through the scenes of time and sense.

I can never recognize the existence of high imaginative talent, that gift which enables its possessor to bring before the mind's eye combinations of ideal beauty such as the outward eye has never seen, though founded on the general principles of material nature, or in accordance with her harmonies, without feeling that it is indeed a mysterious power, and, perhaps, constitutes the highest mental endowment that humanity is capable of, and one which may be made the means to very high ends in the cause of moral and intellectual culture.

Perchance, indeed, the visions of genius may, at times, in the exercise of this magic gift, have reproduced some shadow of the glories of the unfallen world, as it first left the hands of the Creator. Perhaps, too, through the medium of the artist's pencil, the poet's pen, the musician's lyre, in their pursuit of high art's best prerogative, the combination of the beautiful and the true, we may have been vouchsafed occasional glimpses of what the face of nature shall appear, of the harmonies that shall then awake, when, her travail past, creation shall be restored, never again to fade; and man, transformed to angelic dignity, shall go forth to enter upon an everlasting sojourn, in regions of perfect beauty.

#### LONGING FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

Longing for the shining mountains; longing  
For their silver clouds and purple rain!  
All the brightness to the plain belonging  
Is a glare that brings us only pain.  
Twilight's veil, and every black-fringed shower  
Folds the level landscape like a pall:  
Oh, to bathe in mountain-light an hour,  
Floating as the splendors rise and fall!

Longing for the friendly mountains; longing  
For the welcome of each stern, white brow;  
For the echoes from their gorges thronging;  
For the holy hush among them now!  
Though the lowlands overflow with singing;  
Though there's joy and music everywhere;  
Cheap were all the songs the wind is bringing,  
For a whisper of the mountain air.

Longing for the mountains, ever longing!  
Dreaming of their glory night and day!  
Tell us, fields and meadows, are we wronging  
Lovely things that deck your even way?  
Oh, the beckoning mountains far-off lying;—  
Vision for the soul's uplifting given!  
Toward their summits will our hearts be flying,  
Longing for them as we long for heaven!

LUOY LARCOM.